

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

JOHN walks into the booth and sits down. FATHER REMUS is already on the priest's side.

JOHN

Forgive me Father, I have sinned.

FATHER REMUS

What happened?

John hesitates. He clears his throat.

JOHN

I have an inherently sinful disease.

FATHER REMUS

What do you mean?

JOHN

Well, it's making me... eat people.

Beat. Father Remus takes a deep breath.

FATHER REMUS

Like- you kill people? I think this goes further than the church.

JOHN

I don't mean to kill them. It's like a parasite inside of me makes me.

FATHER REMUS

Why do you think it kills?

JOHN

Well, I think it's like an eating replacement. I don't get hungry for normal food anymore.

FATHER REMUS

So is it at regular intervals this happens?

JOHN

I guess so, yeah. It's not every night.

FATHER REMUS

But it is at night?

JOHN

Yes, Father.

FATHER REMUS

And why have you taken so long to come forward about this?

John hesitates again.

JOHN

Well, being here. It burns me.

FATHER REMUS

I understand, the guilt can become unbearable. Is there anything else this parasite has seemed to change?

JOHN

Well, I'm faster now. And I'm weirdly reactive to silver.

FATHER REMUS

I think I understand, my child.

Beat.

JOHN

(genuinely surprised)

You do?

FATHER REMUS

Yes, in fact I think I have the same thing.

JOHN

Does it have a name?

FATHER REMUS

Have you ever heard of
werewolfism?

JOHN

Yeah, they've been attacking our
town for years. I think the Mayor
needs to put more effort there,
and I'm thinking about getting a
group to kill them.

FATHER REMUS

What?

JOHN

Why do you ask?

FATHER REMUS

Well, because you **are** one.

JOHN

What?

FATHER REMUS

You turn into a wolf on the full
moon, right?

JOHN

No, no, I think you've
misunderstood what I'm saying. I'm
a-

(cutting himself off)

Wait, **you're** a werewolf?

FATHER REMUS

Yes. What are you?

JOHN

I'm a vampire. I can't believe
you, you're a priest! This is

blasphemy, you can't preach. I
have to tell the Mayor!

John stands up and exits the booth. He is in Gothic Victorian
clothing, and his skin is obviously burning.

FATHER REMUS

What do you mean you're a vampire?

Father Remus also exits the booth, dressed in priestly garb.

JOHN

I mean I'm a vampire.

FATHER REMUS

(Scoffing at his outfit)

Vampire's aren't real.

JOHN

Oh, and werewolves are?

FATHER REMUS

Yes! Werewolves! The very real
species as opposed to a fake
creation popularized by a bad Y/A
romance novel!

JOHN

Werewolves were in those books,
too.

FATHER REMUS

Well I wouldn't know, I didn't
read them. Also you're being just
as blasphemous as I am, if not
more. Crosses give you blisters! I
can stand just fine while you hop
like a rabbit in hellfire.

John bursts into flames, running off

JOHN

Just because I'm running away very
much about to die doesn't mean

this is over! Good riddance you
foul beast!